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The Players

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The Players

Stacy Frankel

My masked players perform perfectly
On the blank sheet of soft pliable clay
And with my hands I mold them
Into beauty, night and day
Each person like a diamond of many facets, of many sides
With our minds we do create them
The human conflict water tides—
My people, they are players, how can you not see?
The masks look real and the stage is set just so
That your eyes, your hearts, your souls, look for reality.

When all is done and resolved the players gracefully go
We clap for their performance,
But do we really know
That we are what the players are?
I look, then stare and think aloud:
Are the players just like me?